

*The Historie of*

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,

*Poynt.* Downe fell his hose.

*Fal.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foote and hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

*Fal.* But as the diuel would haue it, three mis-begottē knaues, in Kendall greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open palpable. Why thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch.

*Fal.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad; is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What saist thou to this?

*Poy.* Come, your reason lacke, your reason.

*Fal.* What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or at the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackeberryes, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* He be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-prester, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hil of flesh.

*Fal.* Zbloud you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzel, you stockefish: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you raylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tried thy selfe in base comparisōs, heare me speak but thus

*Poy.* Marke, *Iacke*.

*Prin.* We two, saw you foure, set on foure & bound them, & were maisters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe: then did wee two set on you foure, and with a word,

*Henry the fourth.*

word, outface'd you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can shew it you here in the house: and *Falstaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & still run & roare, as euer I heard Bul-calse. What a slaue art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done, & then say it was in fight? What tricke? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

*Poin.* Come lets heare *Iacke*, what tricke hast thou now?

*Falst.* By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why heare you my maisters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but, by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you haue the Money. Hostesse, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shal be, thy running away.

*Falst.* A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou louest me. Enter Hostesse.

*Hofst.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

*Prin.* How now my Lady the Hostesse, what saist thou to me?

*Hofst.* Marry, my L. there is a Noble man of the court, at doore would speake with you: he sayes, he comes from your father.

*Prin.* Giue him as much as will make him a Roy all man, and send him backe againe to my mother.

*Falst.* What manner of man is he?

*Hofst.* An old man.

*Falst.* What doth grauitie out of his Bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee doe *Iacke*.

*Falst.* Fayth, and Ile send him packing.

*Exit.*

*Prin.* Now fir: birlady you fought faire, so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*, you are Lions too, you ran away vpon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

*Bar.* Fayth, I ran when I saw others runne.

E.

Prince.